



Animal Richie Tozier x OC by AttackOnNacho

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Summary: Ross is just another fourteen-year-old trying to have the summer of her life. Greta, her best friend, is stuck in the drug store helping her dad all summer, so Ross has to find something to entertain her for a whole six weeks. Little did she know, what they would discover would be more than just summer fun.

1. Chapter 1

Prologue

He held out his hand, but how could I take it? Me - the giver of nightmares, the monster under your bed, the knife in your back, the one with plenty more than two faces - oh, how he knew better than anyone else, and yet he still kept his hand out.

That lazy smirk I knew all too well made a reappearance, and the freckles born on summer days came back to life. I could feel the slow, humid breeze hit the back of my neck and the sticky sweet taste of a popsicle on the tip of my tongue that came from a time when the sewer just had drainage problems.

I took his hand and the dust settled, bringing me back down to the depths of the sewer.

"Here we go again."

2. Animal - Chapter One

Chapter One

"Yeah yeah yeah, they all say the same thing one way or another, Greta."

With a loud smack of my gum, I skipped to the next song on my tape, tired of the one I was hearing. It was the last day of school before summer break, the beating sun confirming these rumors. I leaned against the water fountain lazily, trying to show my disinterest in who Greta was attempting to seduce this time.

Greta threw her Barbie style sunglasses to the floor, angrily whining, "But this isn't fair! That turd Bev says nothing all day and gets guys, and I'm over here drowning myself in tap water 'cuz I'm so thirsty. First she takes Randy from me, then all of a sudden she has Tommy wrapped around her finger, and just today she totally cut my conversation with John off 'cuz she saw him laughing at my joke! What a freak!"

Having to hear this temper tantrum on repeat everyday could really do a number on you, so I learned to bring a walkman to school to keep my sanity in check. Even if I didn't like that Bev, there's only so many times you can stand experiencing the never-ending high pitched ear torture that comes from Greta's mouth on a daily basis. I sighed, just thinking about how hard my life could be sometimes.

"Earth to Ross! Are you even listening?" Greta had her hand all up in my face as she attempted to refocus me. "So as I was saying-"

My eyes caught sight of that infamous red bush across the hall, weaving in and out of crowds and cliques skillfully. However, she just wasn't slick enough to get past me. "Greta, Code Red."

Her mouth stopped moving, her lips instead forming a tight, yet malicious smile. We darted after her, not about to let her have an easy summer just yet.

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"Hey Beaverly! We know you're in here!" Greta called as we shut the door to the girls' bathroom. We split up, surrounding her stall stealthily, like the predators we were. Greta and I climbed up on both of the toilet seats in the stalls right next to Bev's.

I smiled in a playful manner. Even though I knew Greta was literally satan's spawn, I respected and enjoyed how upfront she was with everyone. She always kept me in check with her blunt, hot-headed attitude, which is what brought us a lot closer together as we grew up. I, on the other hand, was a more witty, laid back person. I loved teasing others and getting under their skin on a daily basis, the origins of how all my feuds began. If they couldn't take my constant erratic behavior and teasing, then I didn't like them. If I didn't like them, then neither did Greta. And if Greta didn't like them, well, they had another thing coming.

I banged the side of Bev's stall, trying to rattle her to kick off this torture session. Tauntingly, I started, "Oh my gosh, Greta! We actually met a cool kid for once! Smoking in a bathroom stall - that's so cool. You might even be cooler than Greta at this point, but we all know that's not too hard.

"Can it, Ross," Greta barked, rolling her eyes. "We got business."

"Yeah yeah yeah," I sighed. "Dude, she smokes heavy like a guy. Better watch it or you'll sound like one in a few years." Hearing the sound of a cigarette being put out, I chuckled to myself, happy with the damage I had done so far.

"Oh my god, Ross! Focus, or I'm cutting you out of this operation," Greta said, sending one of her famous glares in my direction. "We gotta do this or else Beaverly here won't get the message."

"As if! I think being surrounded in the bathroom is more than enough to traumatize someone. It's fine if I just - "

"Can you shut up for five seconds! Now you're really making us look like a joke!"

"If you'd just let me - " I started, but the sound of the bathroom door shutting cut me off. "CRAP!" I lost my footing and fell off the toilet,

slamming my head against the lock on the stall door.

"You are the dumbest person I've ever met. I can't even call you dumbo that's how bad it is," I heard Greta mumble. "She's gone now! That was our perfect opportunity to do something unforgettable. You stupid double dumbo got carried away, freaking psycho."

I groaned and feld the back of my head. The lump where I had fallen was oozing stuff that felt oddly thick. "Hey, come check this thing on the back of my head out."

I met Greta at the sinks, where a rouge trash bag was laying on the ground. Right when I was about to question it, she sighed miserably, "Don't ask."

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"Dude! This is grosser than that kid Richie's buck teeth!" Greta shrieked, squeezing what was determined to be puss out of my new lump. The pain was never ending, but the look on her face was priceless so I was able to manage.

I lazily picked my fingernails, retorting, "I mean, at least he can take a joke. Have you seen that kid Eddie? One time I tried to start a conversation with him and he ran off screaming." I smiled, sweet nostalgia taking over. "Man, you really do give me a bad image sometimes Greta."

Greta scowled and smacked the back of my head. She growled, "You're the freakin' maniac out of us! Sometimes when you get in people's heads you even scare me. It's like you know them better than they know themselves." She shivered and got back to work, juicing my wound dry. I smirked, proud of the damage I did to the kids at my school daily, and continued to play with my nails mindlessly.

"Hey, we should save this stuff to dip the boys' hair brushes in. Maybe they'll smell better than normal."

"ROSS!"

3. Animal - Chapter Two

Chapter Two

Summer, a time of laughter, joy, and carelessness, over the years became one of my biggest foes. Every year, I was presented with the challenge of keeping myself entertained without Greta's loud mouth by my side, while she worked with her dad at his store. Some days I would go visit and help out, but there are only so many times you can work at something before it starts becoming a job. And with jobs came responsibilities, which I absolutely despised.

Usually during my summer days, I would waste my time just roaming around the sewers, the one place I knew like the back of my hand. All the other kids in town knew it was my turf from June to August, so they were always empty when I showed up to hang out. I was no Greta, but still I was feared in my own way.

But this summer I wanted things to be different. No more would I accept this boredom and constant loneliness, for I, Ross, would pull myself out of this bottomless rut. Independence kept my oh-so-fragile pride in tact, however, I couldn't deny the desire for another friend once in a while.

With this goal in mind, I quickly suited up for the first day of summer, aka my first attempt at this challenge. I liked to be a wild card with my fashion, which came through when I paired knee high socks with my bright red crocs, along with some classic barbie sunglasses. Being random often turned heads, and I needed that attention for this operation.

And with that, I set off on my quest, looking for a good candidate to become my second friend ever. As I walked down Derry's main street, my eyes caught sight of a polished, silver bicycle, sparking a great idea in my mind. Immediately, I made a sharp turn onto the street to my left and my feet carried me the rest of the way.

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In front of me stood a house I had never even dreamed I would be

ringing the doorbell to. I guess my mind couldn't keep up with the fact that there were other real people, not just victims or pawns, in this town I called home. *Man, Greta really has done a number on me.*

After the doorbell's three chimes passed, I saw a shift in the curtains that were hung in the window by the door, and a pair of nervous eyes revealed themselves. I heard a quick squeal, the curtains frantically being closed, followed by footsteps walking away from the door. In response, I rolled my eyes and banged on the door a few times, pleading, "C'mon Eddie! I swear, Greta isn't here."

Instead of the short worried boy I was expecting to be on the other side, a woman of solid stature appeared when the door was opened. Eerily, a smile crept onto her face, as she questioned, "And who might you be, missy?"

That smile oddly felt familiar, as I had seen it countless times before. Derry, as I had observed over time, was a town that turned the other way when it came to the kids. They could be in trouble, could be causing trouble, or could be flat out dying, but the adults would still ominously trudge on through their day, as if nothing happened at all. It could be just me though. It's not like I've ever been outside of the town borders.

I gathered my courage and replied, "My name's Ross. I'd like to speak to your grandson." The woman was no older than forty-five, but I wanted to get under her skin, even if it was cheesy.

She, visibly affected by my "brutal" words, sneered, retorting painfully, "Oh? You must've misspoken. Eddie is my *son*, but you knew that, didn't you?"

Chills ran down my spine, but I pushed on, apologizing, "So sorry about that. It's just the crows feet and frown lines look a little darker than I'd expect in this lighting. You must - "

"That's enough," Eddie's mom interrupted, pushing her thick-lensed glasses as far up her nose they could go. With a glare, she continued, "Eddie has no business with a sewer fungus like you." After saying that, she slammed the door, creating a rush of cool air that blew my sunglasses off of my face. I smirked, finally finding real entertainment

on a summer day. *Challenge accepted.*

Thanks to my wits combined with Greta's fairly evil personality, over the years I acquired many tactics to get rid of people temporarily, mess with people's minds, or even just flat out scare them. Once factoring in annoyance, excitement, and the usual vengeance I had in my heart, I easily devised a plan to give Eddie's mom a day she would not forget.

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I showed up again on the next day, this time with an absolutely devious plan lined up. I walked up to the door and knocked on it a few times, much like the day before. However, I was shocked to see Eddie open the door instead of the woman I had it out for. Taking this into account, I fixed my facial expressions and cleared my mind temporarily, trying to focus on just being genuine.

With a (hopefully) cheery smile, I greeted, "What's up, Eddie!"

Cautiously, Eddie stepped out of the house, shutting the door quietly behind him. Then, he whispered, "Look. I know my mom's a little crazy sometimes, and I'll admit that she does get out of hand. But what am I supposed to do? Let you in, after all these years of you and Greta tormenting everyone at school? You scare me and I want nothing to do with you. Just leave me alone."

Afraid? Afraid of who, me? My heartbeat became rapid and my palms were dampening with perspiration. *Afraid?* I watched Eddie walk back into his house and close the door, giving one last fearful look at me before he left. *Is he afraid of me? Me?*

Although I was having what I would call a "minor freakout," I still managed to bang on the door one last time, praying he would open up. Even if I said it was for fun, there was something inside me that made me feel as if I had something to prove, but I just could not put my finger on what it was.

Nevertheless, Eddie opened back up, this time with a slightly annoyed expression. "Why are you still here?"

"Y'know, I've been feeling generous lately. I'm going to become your friend this summer."

"Umm...I think you need to go."

"Admit it. You need someone like me. Who's gonna protect you in this town? Your mom? Your little boyband? I doubt it," I pitched, smirking easily. "Plus, I can personally see to it that Greta leaves you guys alone, especially because we're friends now!" And with that, I grabbed his hand and dragged him off the porch and down the street, running to who knows where.

"Wait, what? I never agreed to this!"

"Can it! Let's go!"